



CENTERING

"the
support of an arch
or vault
during construction"

MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAIN PRESS

"Some of the ways may appear redundant,
yet each differs from any other. Some
may seem simple, yet any one requires
constant dedication even to test it."

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Manuscripts may be sent to
2980 Adeline, Berkeley, Cal. 94703

By mail, single copies are 35¢
A one-year subscription is \$1.40

for Eileen Adams

Eileen walks slow
in an empty
place

 breathe around her, the
world is off to four
directions, and I wait
and I listen for her
to come by branches
in forest where I'm hidden.

who she is, who
ever she will be
I wait in the corner
of her eyes.

rabbit cross shadow line in field frostcover,
marmot under the stone
coon begging in Yosemite Valley
chipmunk poke from behind rock,
 summit of Goddard:

she waits, whoever
she will be, when the
world is changed
and we all
dance with these beings
in every direction.

The NEW HEAVEN to
those who stand on the NEW EARTH

out of your arms
here, winds straining in four
quarters where earth turns
many ways from your proud feet

west where low sea harbors
cloud, mount and journey over
the crest, south
sierra, chain north
the continent, desert
east.

(Phaenomena
As long as this
Land shall keep
Faithfully the commanded post,
The water huge
Within its appointed limits,
Each kind coupled not
Refusing time
Of its coming, the
White and
Harmless doves, the sweet
Wrens, dark free
Bears and wildcats
Furious in their sleep
And God teaches the
Indian Corn
So long
Shall Christians be born
There, also translated
Out of the body. Saml. Sewall,
Boston 1697. Jerusalem now
In the wilderness.

hands reach like birds
wings to resurrection
of the cocksucker
now on the horned
mountain, I am poor
Satanas named for the morning
each time, the innocent, changed
in my own likeness. know
what to do. the
pain in my hands to
do it.

change:
all beasts are happy,

caught in a trap of
bones, sing in snake's mouth
not corrupted.

remember,
we slept in Truro & we told the lady
you were my sister, she
didn't get it---

east, Atlantic
salt
taste in your mouth, the great
fish swimming in
my dream, gentle
cradle of tides,
the winds kingdom

In Delaney Meadows at 9000 feet
we saw deer, dancing
a pattern, in the morning
between peculiar stones. there were
seven, brown between white
stones

and change,
where you have brought me
Worlds, in the
mist below my feet:
Give me the Kingdom
in the first
language of the body.

DREAM-HUNTER

for Doug Palmer

When I am angry I'll
walk without a shape
thru the sunlight
name me
one of the people of the air
I sit on the branches barefoot

I must go around
until all the people's
souls
have been told
and I have looked in each
creature's eye
today in the sunlight
because I was mad

(what hunger, crossing
and crossing the
plains of sunlight
hunting wolves
west across country

the feeling shapes me
to myself.
if they catch me again
I'll go in a whale's gut
and fish for a living.

NIGHT LINES IN SUN

where the turns of your
rocks despoil the sea
weary with that mating

you lie dulled by
separation with
your face lined tentative
not from age but squinting
at the sun

mountain your glance is
nondescript for I cannot
spell your silence

nor will I match my
gestures dumb to yours
when motion is
patient and I must

be in my seeking
precipitate with love

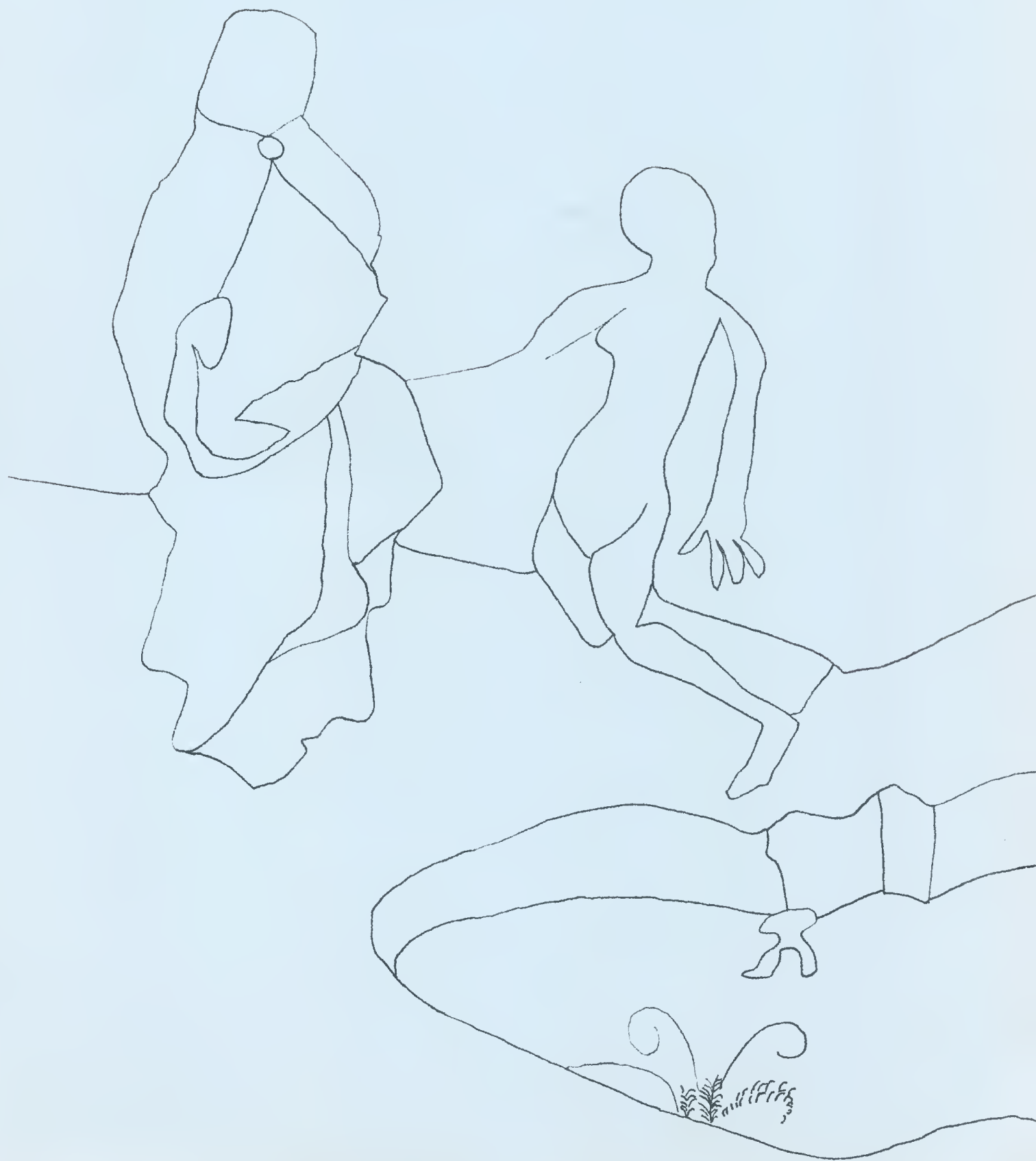
THE POETS OF PEACE AND GLADNESS

into gathered movement love
measured prodigal in
sound the tension of truth
patterns sacramentals

what is our peace but
harmonies counterpointed in form
 of grace

songs
 in the communion gift
to make glad the sullen
laughter of sad hands

and draw skeins
of lighted tongues
burning their notes as candles
 to the night



'Fill the seats of Justice
With good men, not so absolute in goodness
As to forget what human frailty is.'
Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd

What have you sung in the night,
what have you sung in your face
as I am called here up before you ?

Have I face lost in you, inside
gut where the bowel broke off,
eye where the water lost call ?

I am taken before you, yours
to the lines in your face, lines
as sure as my hand holds labor.

I ask no but your eye meet mine,
as I will speak to your eye,
as it judge me man before man.

I have loss in me, and that
to be regained, that to be taken
in hand, and held up for return.

What holds in your eye, gives faith,
as you know, as you must know,
I am yours, and you are mine.

'And the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play.'
Exodus 32:6

For Lew Welch
Oh the arches are wide
the ceiling beamed high
and you smiling across
for me to see

How my voice can raise
and the good spirit, spirits exult
and raise my voice
near to your smile

How high! he says
and you can but dance,
until your breasts turn live things,
and they, sure it is, they dance,
with all good wind upon them

Oh love we have
been there, holding the laughter
to a full, good country, good city
laughter, we can be full

Now look at us all gathered
to our tables, looking high
looking mellow, now gather at the tables
and be high too, looking high

Take the sky for good measure,
bear your face all young,
as it is, sure as that is,
swing high, my love, your children
be plenty, your lips been full on mine

Ah lord, lady, I see the big
man dance, see him move,
him strut, see the two men
race in laughter, that they may draw,
and come up arms around

Look look look at him
Swing her throw her in the water
and the nuns on the turn-a-go-round,
high laughter high heels high black
the girl her hair splashed over
her eyes, oh love oh love

We have come a long way, all
with pride, with love
now look
how beautiful we are
I smile
I laughter inside
on out on out on out

'The hills and the sea and the earth dance. The world of man dances
in laughter and tears.'

- Kabir

Oh where are your feet where are your feet
LONG WITHOUT WORD

In the signs of the

LONG WITHOUT WORD

Your dress billowed

Hi Hi

Come to round me

come to round you

LONG WITHOUT WORD

Have you to you, the light the foot up

Hi Hi

up my love up

We cast a step that is all kneed
and elbow and tree branch and grass on

Hi Hi

my love my love

We cast together, the light

tall figure

can leap

Hi Hi

Take my hand

says

Hi Hi

I am all elbow and knees, swing the grass
as we come round me as we come round you

'And shall not loveliness be loved forever?'
- Euripides

Your eye shall not then but close
and your body flow out open
Your flesh is the stillness
And you hold your eyes smiling
to your love

Come with eyes to your burden,
that it is sweet, and so, your own
Come with eyes to the wonder,
that you have

LONG WITHOUT WORD

It is your love, that saps you strong
Oh, little one, you have but to begin,
my strength is yours, my

LONG WITHOUT WORD

It is all yours, that I can show my love,
that I can take no hand but rests with you,
no eye but open

LONG WITHOUT WORD

rests with you, with your blessing, I have come
new

LONG WITHOUT WORD

and I will stay as my body saps strong
to your smile, with your smile
I will sap you strong with the willowing
strong with my mouth upon, and open, and open

Fixing breakfast
for Li-Po
in the morning
all of 3 yrs
who wouldn't
& said

he won't eat the moon
& left it whole
in the earthen
bowl

& I smiled
its all right

we'll leave it
the way it is
the way
it goes

the moon

so full
of itself where
the earth hungers

the light of this
yolk golden
within
the glazed being

let it

When he told me
he could see
Spring coming
down the
mountain
I flipped

my lid
& boiled green
tea

we got drunk
on water
smiling
out, the cold air

& inside, tugged
on my lap telling
he had popped
out of his cage

the storm came
out of his stomach

he had a dream
the night before
cried
a little bit

& it all went away

with this jug
Li-Po where
the moon
was there

the egg yolked
around
inside
out

& who wouldn't
& who shouldn't

but I couldn't
eat it
either.

LSD/from one drop of rain

for ginsberg

You, Sunflower Sutra
fullbodied with bearded eyes
swept up the wind
the dust fell
before your feet
knelt your archangel
ghost of soft rain

the beach, alone
held you there from
the woods entrance
the ocean came lashing
karmic cycles of whatever
you are, who
in what eyes hung
you there

the human clutch of whatever
a dream held, longing
in the cycle fixed
around that rim

to break
the clutch strong
the waves tremendous fire
chasing around finite circles
dragon spit tongue lashing out
the waves spun 9 thousand feet
as high as you

in your belly
peeled off your skin hard
the taut against the ocean raging
the universe spoke thru
soft gestures of green
kelp, kissed you
your bare wet feet
called you/your name
compassionately stared
you swirling

forgotten in the chant
sutras hung with windbells
going
going
going/to the other shore

stood you on that shore
a Sunflower, naked

no eyes no ears no nose
no tongue no body no mind
no pain no suffering

the Prajnaparamita Sutra

fell before you
palms up
fullbodied/emptiness

no rim

entered
into the void
a hard cry

the train before
& after, the long whistle
the howling wind moving
sped up the hoot wailing
the sound momentous
screeched behind
those tracks/thru

the Now

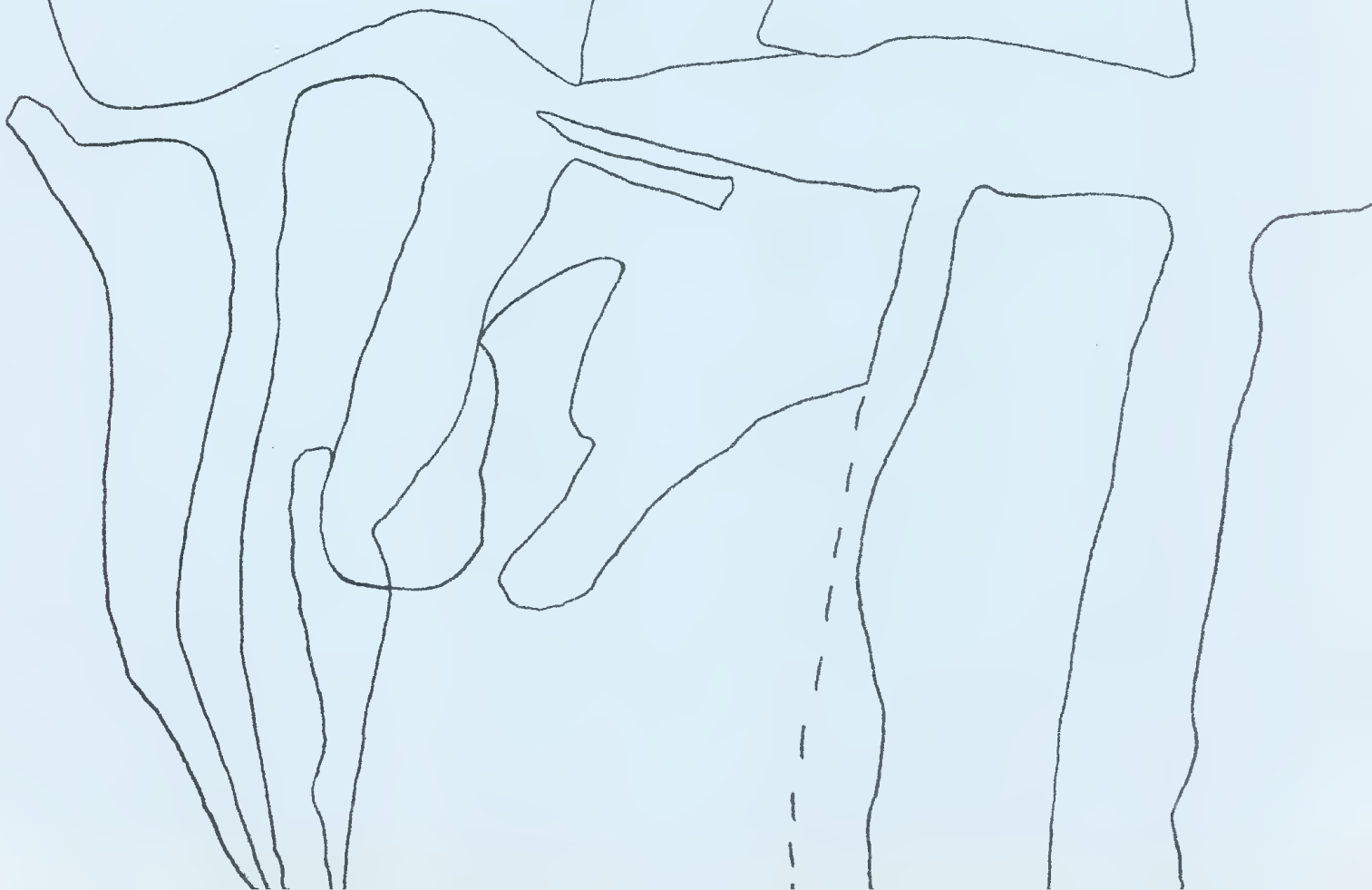
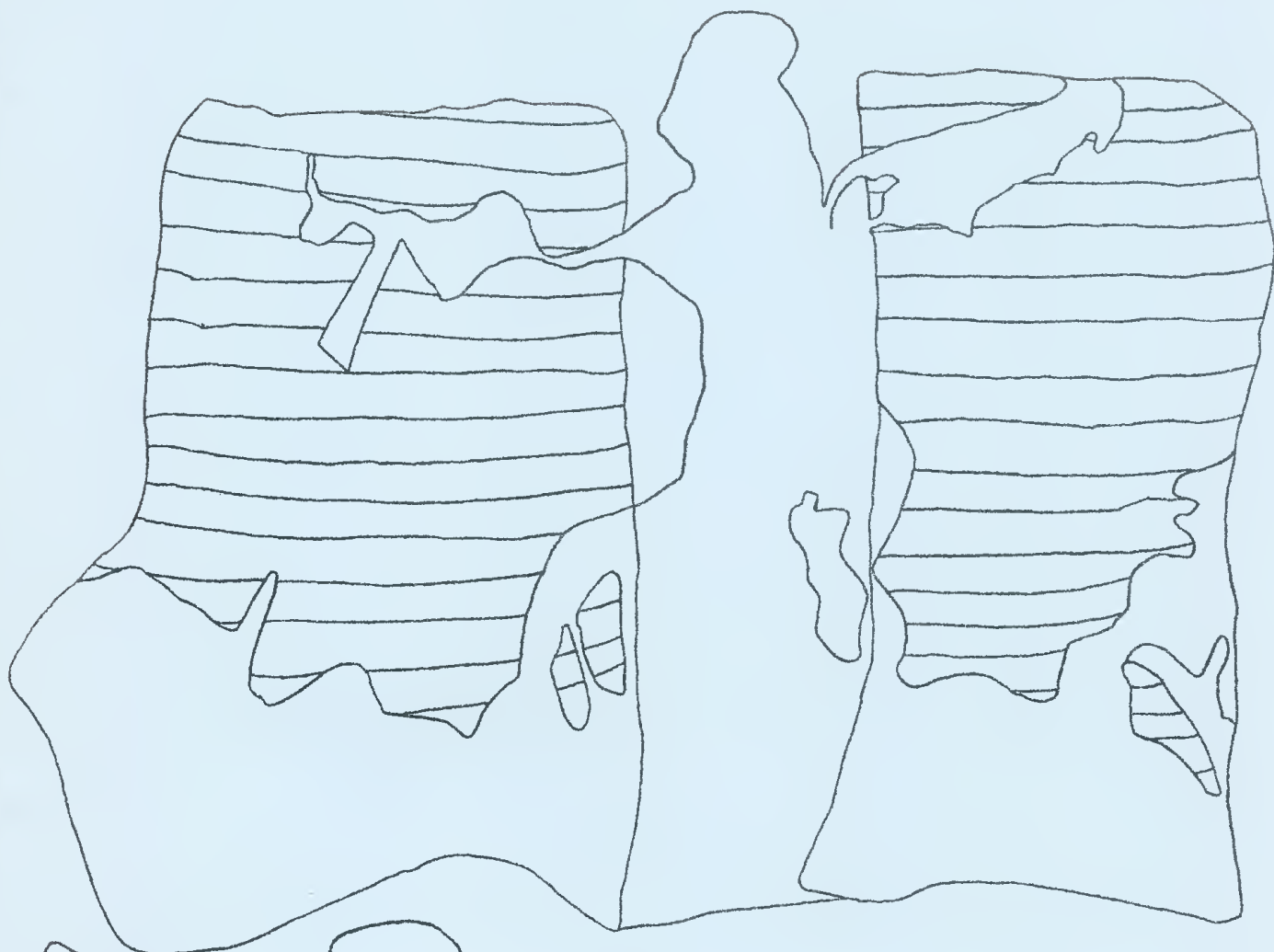
a soft well, expanding
holy rain the universe
spinning
around

& you

from
one
drop, yours

the sky

into the Great Ocean
gave birth
the green kelp
swirling inside
your despairing
eye.



Hot House

Swinging
behind her

swinging behind
is swinging

behind her
like a lantern

her swinging
behind.

Stories

He stomped
his foot to come
out of him -
self through

his hand.
His voice
was loud and the
ear was

frightened
Now the
fire has gone
down.

Old stories
told again,
again
and again.

The Joke

Convince me,
I said
to myself.
And so,

she did.
A matter
for the
higher ups,

I might
have added.
Can't you see,
she said.

And so,
again,
I took
her seriously.

The Girl

To begin with,
the road
stretching out
in front of me

does not exist.
Because I say this
you must not
take me seriously.

But it is all the
same, a girl
twisting beneath me
in a red room,

her breasts red
upon red folding
like leaves like
they are only

themselves a song
in my head, in the
sky always,
occurring always.

broad
 daylight, the strong
liquor of moonshine she lookt
 a bloody lot like
 a stoplight
 who's just been clobbered in the
 mouth with a bolt of lightning
 broad
 injury gal
the innocence of a tape recorder
 he sd, & anyway
bread is better
 than dead

YOUNG BLOOD HAWK:

for Lew Welch

A night like when
The moon is red
& rich men's daughters
Sweat their beds

A thirst for making it
Up to the rest of us

Curs of the High Lands
Lizard of Stone

Under this eye that's
Wept so long now
Put yr Pocket

Where yr purse is lady
& if you like you may even

Startle the Crickets

WHO KNOWS

A tired white
 old nag
standing forlorn

Among sagebrush
on a cold day
are his thoughts

Only of the cold
the weariness
how would he feel

With his belly full of straw
in a warm stable

Would he then be thinking
of young mares

Disquiet
fomenting
a tempest

In his itching balls

TIT MOLD

I suspected she never
wanted me to see her

Completely naked though
she often put herself

Between me and any manner
of a powerful light

Night and dawn with
the ass protruding

A bowl of jelly tilting
on the epee edge

Of sane persuasion ripping
her garments her locks

Remained. Bathing, a
bubble bubbled always

To replace each breaking bubble
at last I consulted

A physician schooled in
a lore to quake our naivete

Nevus Mammalia he told
me looking stern

Approach her always
leeside when making love

IT ALL

If I enticed you
to see the sun it was

Set. Yes, as
you had seen you say

It set before
I lifted your walking back

Skirts and whacked
across the butt you

A likely enough
but I had not gesture

Guessed you had
and our neighbors no pants on

Were out to
set too watch the sun

